

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
LITTLE DICK.

WRITTEN BY  
LITTLE JOHN.

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Seek VIRTUE's Path; and, when you find the Way,  
Pursue with Firmness, and disdain to stray.  
To certain Bliss each Step of VIRTUE tends;  
While what begins in VICE—in MISERY ends.

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THE FOURTH EDITION.

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*Enriched with Nine beautiful Copper-Plates.*

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L O N D O N:  
PRINTED FOR LITTLE JOHN.

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## P R E F A C E.

**I**T is not an easy task to make very new a path so well trod as that of the History of Children. The writer of this hopes, however, he has thought of, at

## PREFACE.

least, a pleasing way for Little Folks to see how much better VIRTUE is than Vice—

VIRTUE, that far more power attains,  
Than riches, honours, or domains.

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The following very flattering Accounts of this little Work have been given by the Monthly and English Reviews.

“ SUCH Stories as this, well-constructed, make  
“ more impression on Young Minds, than mere  
“ precepts dryly enforced. Neat Plates decorate  
“ this little volume.”

### MONTHLY REVIEW.

“ We recommend this little Performance to all  
“ pretty Masters and Misses, because it is enter-  
“ taining and instructive, and embellished with  
“ Nine Copper-Plates.”

### ENGLISH REVIEW.

THE

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
LITTLE DICK.

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CHAP. I.

**L**ITTLE Dick was born at Bristol, in the year 1766; his surname was SMALL, and he was christened RICHARD: the former early procured him the name of LITTLE, and the latter

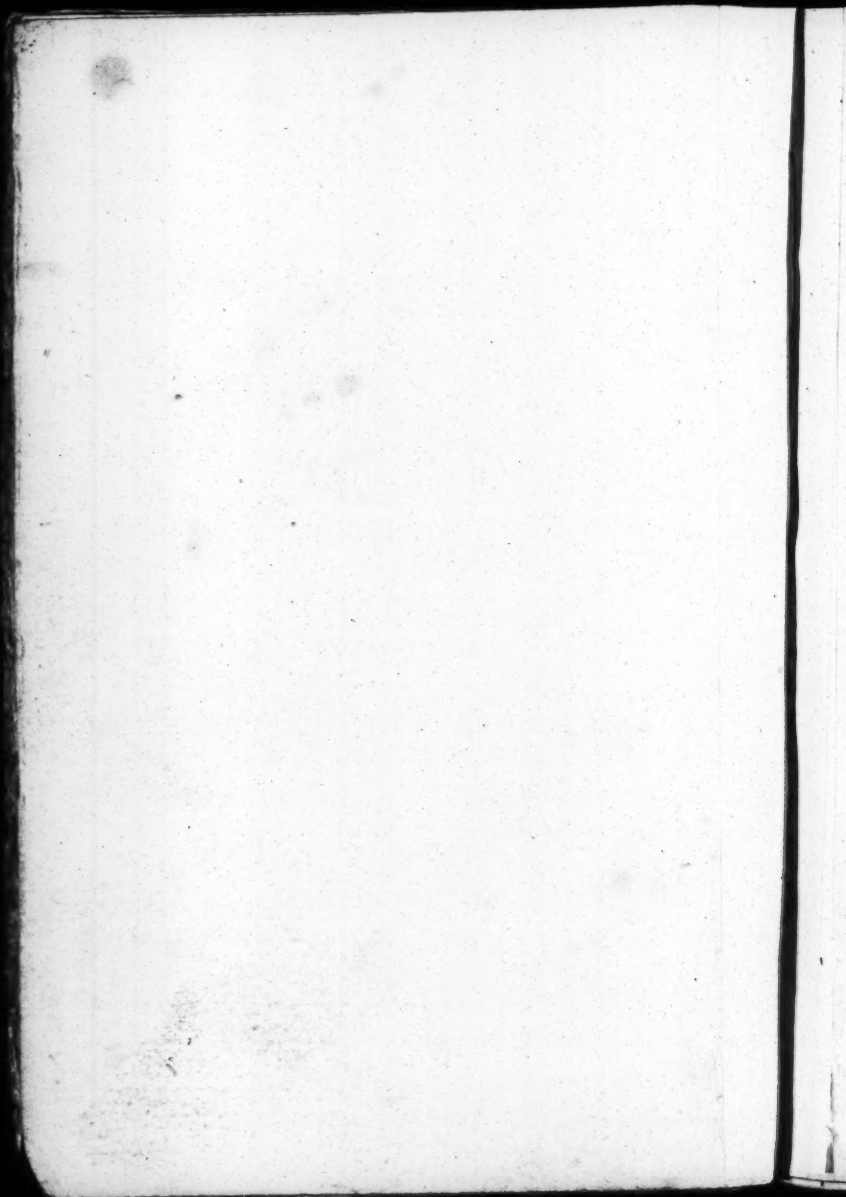
that of DICK. His parents were very good sort of people; but had so much business to attend, that they were obliged to put Dick to nurse.

The good woman to whom they sent him was one who feared God, and loved her neighbour as herself. She took in children to nurse; because, like the ant, she was too industrious to live in idleness.

After Dick had been with her a short time, she began to perceive that he was of a very bad disposition: for, whenever he saw any of the other children diverted

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ed with a play-thing, he would by some artful trick contrive to get it away from them, and if he could break or spoil it he was the better pleased; or when, at any time, nurse wanted to get either of the other children to sleep, and Dick happened to be either in a playful or peevish humour—the latter of which was too generally the case—he, to prevent it, would either make a noise himself, or do something to induce the others to make a noise. For these, and many other bad tricks, he was often properly corrected; but to so little purpose,



pose, that nurse thought it would be most adviseable in his parents to send him to school, lest he should spoil the others: as *evil communication corrupts good manners*. She accordingly communicated her thoughts to them. They took her advice; and, in a few days, sent for Little Dick. At parting, nurse could not help crying; for she loved him, bad as he was.

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Ah! Youth, beware how you from VIRTUE  
stray!  
VICE is soon gain'd, but not soon sent away.

C H A P.

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CHAP. II.

**W**HEN Dick arrived at home, his parents immediately took him to school; and entreated the master to break him of as many of his bad habits as possible against the holidays. His papa and mamma then kissed him, and left him.

The next morning he was awaked by the ringing of a bell. He asked his bed-fellow what was the reason of it; who told him, it was the school-bell, which rang  
at

at seven in the morning for the boys to rise, wash themselves, and go into school. Dick said, he would not get up; for, when he was at home, he never got up so soon.

When the master came into school, he enquired for Little Dick; and was told by his bed-fellow, Master Smith, that he would not get up. The master then sent young Smith to tell Dick that, if he was not in school within ten minutes, he would have him brought down and flogged. Dick, however, would not come: and the master, accordingly

cordingly, made good his word ; for he had him brought down, and flogged before all the boys.

Soon after Dick's flogging, the bell rang for breakfast, and he had not learned his lesson; which the master, on condition of his behaving better in future, forgave him.

As soon as breakfast was over, all the boys went to play : one of the little ones, however, could not help plaguing Dick about his being flogged. Dick was unable to bear this; and, after a few words, they came to blows, in which Dick came off victorious.

This

This conquest, though over one less than himself, made him so saucy, that he challenged much bigger boys; and, to punish his ambition, he generally got beat.

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SLOTHFUL be not, when you're young;  
Soon the vice you may not see:  
Let not PASSION grow too strong,  
Or the end will fatal be.

CHAP.

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CHAP. III.

**L**ITTLE Dick made but slow progress in his learning, as well as in the amendment of his manners; for, when the holidays came, he could not spell a word of two syllables: however, he was somewhat better in both than when he went; and his parents, glad to see any improvement, did every thing to make him happy while he was at home, and loaded him with cakes, play-things, and little books, when he went back to  
B school;

school; all of which were soon disposed of without doing him the intended good.

Dick was extremely fond of what he called *fun*. One day, when there was a fair held in the town, he and two others having got leave to go out, they agreed to have some high sport: for which purpose Dick went and purchased a pennyworth of gunpowder; and, having wrapped it up in a piece of brown-paper, immediately went to an old woman who was roasting apples on a piece of tin over a pan of charcoal. After he had bought  
some







some of her apples, pretending to warm his hands, he slyly put the powder into the pan, and then walked off. It had the desired effect: for it blew up, split the pan, and threw the apples into the street. The poor woman endeavoured to catch Dick; but, as she was running after him, his two companions pulled up a cord from the ground, which she not seeing, fell over. A mob soon gathered about her; and, while she was telling her sad tale, the mischievous little villains ran away, though not unseen.

When they met, each congratulated

tulated the other on their good-luck: but the old woman having been with their master, he surprized them just as they were going to part, with a horsewhip in his hand; and, without saying a word, began to flog them most heartily. When he had punished them sufficiently, he made them not only go and beg the old woman's pardon, but pay her every farthing for all the mischief they had done her.

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Of fatal MISCHIEF, oh! beware,  
Or it will lure thee to some snare;  
In which, once caught, thou'lt ever be  
Depriv'd of bliss and liberty!

CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.

SOON after this GUNPOWDER-PLOT, the hearty flogging for which seemed to have made him considerably better, the holidays again arrived, and Dick was sent for home. His parents, delighted to see so great an alteration in so short a time, considering how bad he was when he first went, granted him every possible indulgence: for Dick strove to please every body, and every body endeavoured to please him.

When the holidays were nearly over, every body who knew Little Dick gave him some play-things to take to school; and his parents, just before he went, had, unknown to him, a large cake put into his box.

Dick did not arrive soon enough at school for his mamma, who went with him, to return the same evening: and the master likewise invired her to stay a day or two, which she accepted.

The next morning, Dick shewed her the play-ground and school. In the afternoon, she begged a half-holiday for the boys,

boys, and gave them half-a-crown to spend; and, after sleeping there that night, set out the next morning on her return home.

As soon as Dick's mamma was gone, he unpacked his box; and at the bottom, to his great and agreeable surprize, found the cake.

In a few days, Dick became tired of all the play-things given him when he was at home; and foolishly sold among the boys, for about six shillings, what cost upwards of a guinea. This money, with what he had remaining of that he brought to school, amounted



amounted to about eleven shillings, most of which he spent in a very improper manner: which it will be both necessary to relate, and pleasant to be informed of.

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Acting a little as he ought,  
Observe what things for him were bought:  
How great, then, their reward must be,  
Who are from evil wholly free!

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CHAP. V.

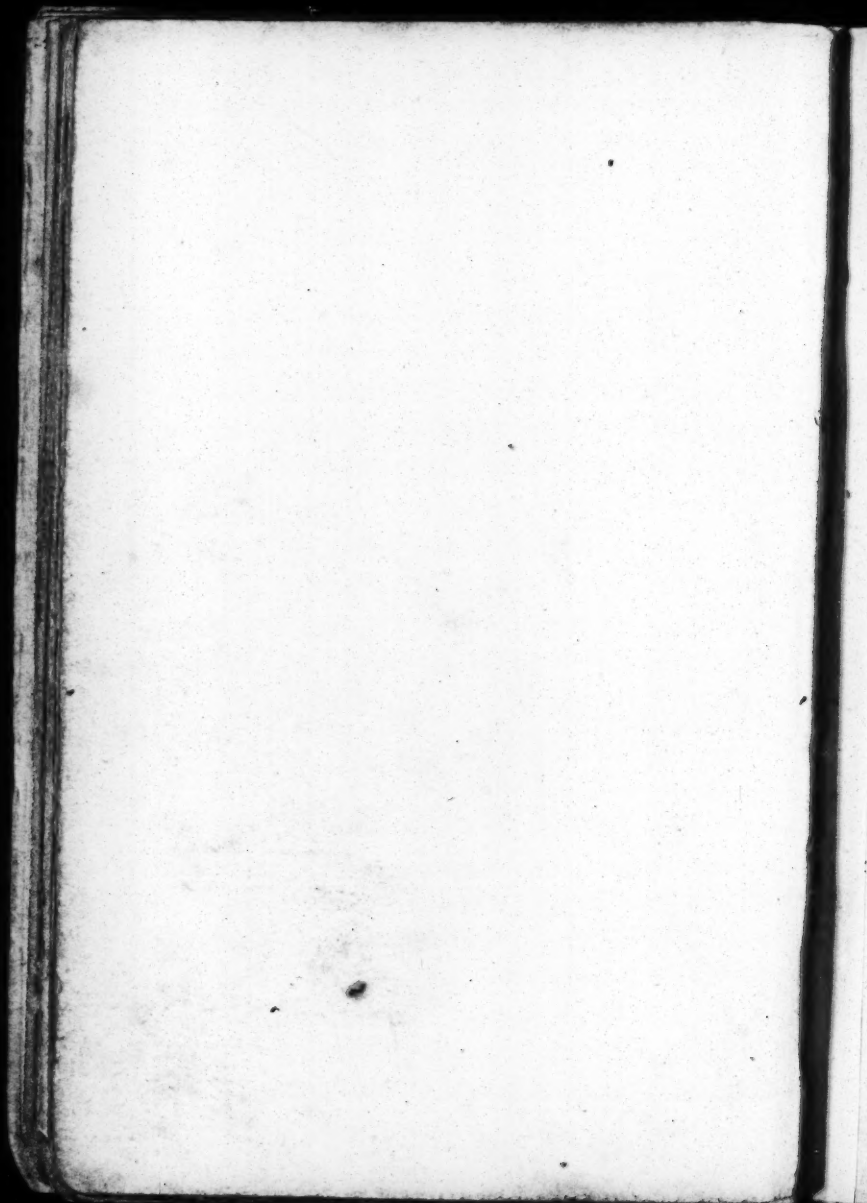
ONE day, while Dick was at play, he had been seized with such a pain in his teeth as obliged him to go into the house. His mistress, hearing of his complaint by one of the servants, sent out a glass of brandy—perhaps, more than was prudent; but she did it with a good intent, and it is a pity, when a thing is meant to do good, that it should do harm.

Dick liked the brandy much; and when he got well, his love  
for

for it still remained, and he went often to a publick-house in the neighbourhood.

His master hearing of this bad practice, thought it his duty to stop the progress which he saw would work Dick's destruction: he accordingly went one day, when Dick was there, disguised in a smock-frock, like a ploughman, and called for some beer; but when he came to pay for it, pretending that he wanted a penny, said he wished any body would lend it him. Dick replied he would not lend it him, but that he would toss up with him





him for it. The master agreed, and lost the first time: then said the master—‘ I will tofs once  
‘ more; and, if I lose again, I  
‘ must leave my smock-frock to  
‘ pay for the beer.’ However, he won; and, under one pretence or another, got all Dick’s money.

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DRINKING—worst of ev’ry vice  
That disgraces mortal man—  
Leads to swearing, cards, and dice:  
Nothing’s worse—nor nothing can!

CHAP.

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CHAP. VI.

AFTER Dick had lost all his money, he went home; and, just as the boys were going to bed, the master sent for him into the parlour, and said to him — ‘ Pray, is the report I hear of ‘ you true, that you often go to ‘ the publick-house?’ Dick replied, that he never was there in his life. The master then asked him, how much money he had: Dick answered, he had none; for, as he was at play a few days since,



since, he had lost it. Then said his master—‘ Do you not remember the ploughman? Look me full in the face, and tell me if you do not recollect him.’

Dick, however, still persisting in the lye, said he did not know what he meant; upon which his master addressed him in the following manner—

‘ You have told me a lye;  
‘ and lying is an offence both to  
‘ God and man. Man you may  
‘ for a short time deceive; yet, at  
‘ last, you will be found out, and  
‘ despised: but God you never  
‘ can deceive, for he knows all  
C                    ‘ your

‘ your thoughts and actions. I  
‘ was the ploughman; and I have  
‘ got all your money, which I  
‘ shall keep till I see a very great  
‘ alteration in your behaviour.  
‘ You may now go to bed.’

Dick went to bed, but no sleep could he get: for his mind was so awakened with the offence he had committed against God, that he could not enjoy the least repose, till he got up, and, kneeling down by his bed-side, said all the prayers he could. Then getting again into bed, he slept till morning.

Dick’s mind was still so much  
troubled,

troubled, that he now went and fell upon his knees before his master; saying—‘ Sir, I have  
‘ sinned against God, and against  
‘ you. I have prayed him to  
‘ forgive me, and I hope you  
‘ will forgive me too.’

The master, pleased to see such strong proofs of contrition and repentance in a youth of his age, for he was now only eleven years old, replied—‘ I do forgive you,  
‘ my child, as I hope God will:  
‘ and, instead of keeping your  
‘ money, and setting you a task,  
‘ you shall have your money re-  
‘ turned when you want it; and

‘ the longer you continue good,  
‘ the better I shall like you.’

While Dick was asking forgiveness, a box had been brought in for him. His master opened it, and found a suit of black cloaths, accompanied by a letter, which he gave to Dick, and of which the following is a true copy—

‘ MY DEAR BOY,

‘ IT is with heart-breaking  
‘ sorrow that I inform you of the  
‘ death of a dear husband, and  
‘ to you a loving father, who  
‘ died on Wednesday, hoping  
‘ you





‘ you would be a comfort to me  
‘ in my old age. My dear boy,  
‘ remember the virtuous precepts  
‘ of your father, and the affec-  
‘ tion of your loving mother,

BRISTOL,  
AUG. 10, 1777.

‘ E. SMALL.’

Dick really loved his parents; and this letter almost broke his heart. The master, finding by his tears, as well as by the cloaths, that somebody was dead, called Dick to comfort him; for Little Dick had won his master’s heart.

When the boys were gone to breakfast, his master said to

C 3

him—

him—‘ My dear boy, the loss of  
‘ a father is a great one; but it  
‘ is one we are all naturally to  
‘ expect; and we ought not to  
‘ repine, for God’s will must be  
‘ done.’

The master then took him into  
the parlour, and let him live there  
a few days, till his grief was a  
little abated.

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Learn, gentle reader, in your youth,  
To love your PARENTS, speak the TRUTH;  
You may, perchance, deceive frail man;  
But GOD you never—never can!



## CHAP. VII.

**A**S soon as Dick recovered from that grief which the loss of a father must occasion in the breast of every one who loves a parent as parents ought to be loved, he too soon returned to his old mischievous tricks; for he was very fond of playing with the town boys, who are seldom or never good for any thing. His attachment to these boys brought him into a great many scrapes: however, this acquaintance

tance was for the present interrupted; for the holidays soon came, and he was sent for home.

But Dick, instead of going to Bristol, went to a village to which his mother had retired; and when he came there, he found that she received him not with that joyfulness which used to accompany her: he perceived a dullness was spread over her countenance; for she, though pleased with the sight of her son, could not but think of her husband, whom he greatly resembled. These were the dullest holidays Dick ever had; and he  
was

was very glad when they were over.

By the time he went back again to school, there were in his master's garden some very fine apples, some of which he determined to have: accordingly, he rose early one morning, and awaking his bed-fellow, asked him to go with him to steal some apples; but Master Smith, who was a very good youth, wisely refusing, Dick went by himself.

As soon as he was gone, his bed-fellow went and knocked at his master's door; who, with an angry voice, cried out—‘ Who’s  
‘ there ?’

‘there?’—‘Only Smith, Sir,’ said he, ‘come to tell you that Little Dick is gone to rob the garden.’—‘Very well,’ said the master; ‘you go down into the hall, and I’ll be with you presently.’ He went; and the master coming soon after with a horsewhip in his hand, they both proceeded together, and got unperceived under the tree in which Dick was filling his pockets. The master then saluted him with—  
‘Sirrah! come down!’

Dick immediately dropped from the tree; and, turning his head round, saw his master and  
young

young Smith: he then attempted to get up, but his master did not give him time; for, the moment Dick fell, he began flogging him; and, when he had done, asked him why he stole his apples. ‘You know,’ said he, ‘if you had asked for some, you might have had them.’

The master then searched his pockets, and all the apples he found in them he gave to young Smith, set Dick a long task, and confined him in a closet by himself while the other boys were at play.

I know some of my little readers

ders will say Smith ought not to have told : but it is one of the commandments of God—*Thou shalt not steal.*

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Indulge not PILF'RING—'tis a crime,  
That on you fast will grow ;  
As by degrees the purling stream  
Doth to the ocean flow.

CHAP.











ther, amounting to five or six shillings and a few halfpence, and gave a halfpenny to the fellow who begged it. But the gang, perceiving he had more, and some good cloaths, determined to plunder him. Accordingly, one of them addressed him thus—‘ My lad, you had  
‘ better come and live with us,  
‘ and then you will be as happy  
‘ as a king.’ To this Dick, after a few persuasions, and a great many threats, consented.

The next night, one of the Gypsies went into a fold of sheep, and cut some wool off

one of their backs; but, while he was stuffing it down the sheep's throat, to suffocate the poor animal, intending, as usual, to beg the carcase next morning, the shepherd, who was awakened by the bleating of his sheep, ran to see what was the matter.

The fellow not having time to make off before the shepherd came, and being resolved, if possible, to avoid being taken, cut the shepherd's throat with the knife he had used in cutting the wool off the sheep's back, and then made the best of his way to his companions; who,  
on

on hearing the news, immediately fled different ways.

The poor shepherd's groans brought some people to his assistance, to whom he related the sad cause as well as he was able. As it was a moon-light night, and he knew the man—for the gang had been some time in the neighbourhood—the Gypsies were pursued that night, but to no purpose. However, the next day, the murderer, who had concealed himself in a wood ten miles distant, was taken into custody; and being brought to the poor shepherd, who was al-

most dead, in the presence of a worthy magistrate who attended to take the testimony of the dying man, the shepherd swore positively to the fellow, and in a few minutes expired. The murderer was accordingly taken to Bristol; where he was afterwards tried, cast, condemned, and ordered to be hanged in chains on the very spot where he had committed the act.

Little Dick, on hearing of the murder, and finding himself free from the gang, who were all now dispersed, immediately made towards his mother's house, where  
he

he arrived too early to get in without disturbing the family.

He therefore sat down at the door, and reflected on his different adventures, till he came to that of his running away from school, when he was struck almost senseless with horror.

‘ Alas!’ exclaimed he, the tears gushing from his eyes, and his words interrupted by sobs,  
‘ I may have broken my poor  
‘ mother’s heart; for she loves  
‘ me, though I am not worthy  
‘ of her regard! She has been  
‘ informed of my leaving school,  
‘ and my wickedness has no  
‘ doubt

‘doubt occasioned her death;  
‘so that I have now neither fa-  
‘ther nor mother!’

Filled with these ideas, he could no longer refrain knocking at the door: but, being soon let in, he immediately forgot all his apprehensions respecting his mother, and coolly asked for something to eat; and it was not till he had thoroughly satisfied his hunger, that he thought of enquiring how his mother was. Being answered, that she was well; he went up to her, and began to complain of the usage he had received at school. His  
mother



mother told him, she thought it was too good for him; and, the same day, set off with him back again.

When they arrived at the school, the master said—‘ Ma-  
‘ dam, I must beg your par-  
‘ don, for not letting you know  
‘ of your son’s elopement, as I  
‘ hourly expected him to return.  
‘ I likewise thought him un-  
‘ worthy your notice: and I am  
‘ of opinion, if he is to learn  
‘ any business, it is now time he  
‘ was put apprentice; for, in-  
‘ deed, I cannot think of taking  
‘ him back, as he has almost  
‘ spoiled

‘spoiled several of my better  
‘boys.’

His mother took this friendly  
advice; and, after settling with  
the master, returned home with  
Dick.

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When GUILT and REMORSE touch'd his  
conscience at last,  
And his mind once began to relent;  
Had his conduct, in future, aton'd for the  
past,  
He would ne'er have had cause to repent,

CHAP.

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C H A P. IX.

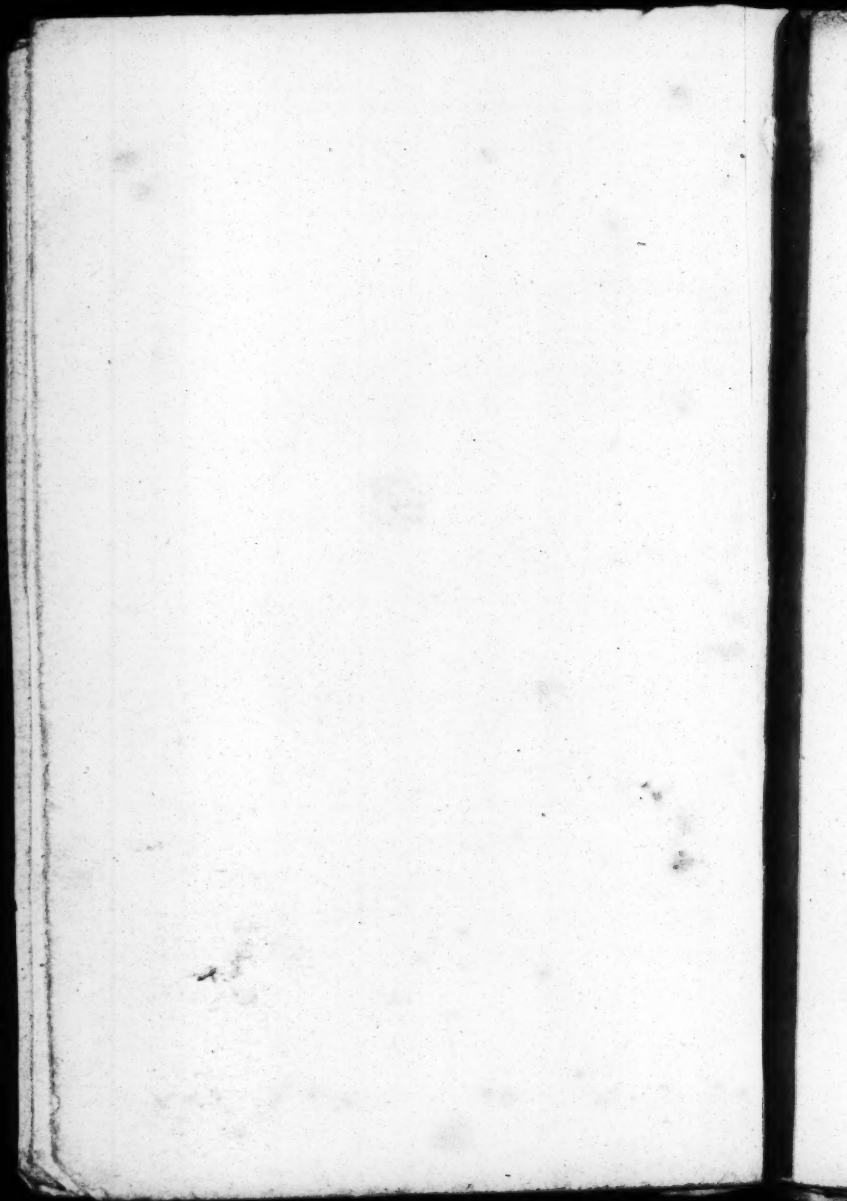
**T**HE next day, Dick's mother went to his uncle, a merchant, at Bristol, with whom she consulted about binding him apprentice; and who, at last, agreed that he would himself take him.

While she was gone, Dick's bad disposition would not suffer him to remain out of mischief. Having got four walnut-shells, and filled them with pitch, he put them on the cat's feet; and,  
about

about an hour after all the family were gone to bed, he set pufs down in his own room, which was over the maid's, whom it was his chief design to terrify, and then made a noise to frighten the poor animal. The cat, accordingly, began to run about; but just as he was getting into bed, that he might enjoy the success of his stratagem, all on a sudden, what he supposed a ghost, burst into the room. Dick being terrified, screamed out, fell down, and swooned away.

The noise waked the whole family,





family, ghost and all. The ghost, indeed, proved to be only the maid he meant to frighten, who used to walk in her sleep; and who, perceiving his fright, did all she could to recover him: but just as he began to revive, finding she, whom he still thought a ghost, had hold of him, he screamed out worse than before, and again swooned away. By this time, the other servants arrived, who soon set every thing right.

The next day, Dick went to his uncle's, at Bristol. But he did not much relish this family:

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for

for his uncle, who was a serious man, after business was over, every night, used to read a divine lecture, which all the family attended; and, at the conclusion, he made them join him in thanking God for all past mercies and providences of the day. Of this, Dick, as every body else must, soon saw the propriety, and began to appear very steady and devout; so much so, indeed, that whenever his uncle was obliged to be out of town, as was frequently the case, Dick used to read the evening lectures to the family. In short, he became so  
attentive



attentive and diligent, that his uncle put great confidence in him; and, one Christmas, sent him round the country to receive very considerable sums of money, and transact other business of importance.

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When RELIGION and MORALS unite in one  
band,

To subdue ev'ry VICE they ne'er fail;  
But RELIGION and MORALS, if not hand  
in hand,

Over VICE will but little prevail.

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CHAP. X.

**I**T snowed fast, and the wind blew in a violent manner, when Dick entered a village; and, not thinking the storm likely soon to abate, he dismounted at a small inn, where happening to cast his eye carelessly over a play-bill that lay on the table, he was surprized to see the name of Madfellow, an old school-fellow, and one of his favourite town-boys. As the barn-theatre was situated just at the

the back of the inn, he immediately went behind the scenes, and soon saw Tom Madfellow come off the stage.

Dick having made himself known, and the performance being ended, they retired to the inn; when Dick began to talk to Tom Madfellow in a very serious strain about the wretched manner in which he was getting his livelihood. ‘ Why,’ said Tom, ‘ I get my livelihood honestly, and I live like a gentleman, and never was so happy in my life!’ using many such false speeches to seduce Dick

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into

into the paths of vice. ‘ If you  
‘ have a mind to make one  
‘ among us,’ said Tom, ‘ I’ll  
‘ endeavour to get you engaged,  
‘ for I am a great favourite with  
‘ the manager.’—‘ Did I wish  
‘ to go,’ replied Dick, on whom  
the liquor they were drinking,  
as well as Tom’s rhetorick, now  
began to operate, ‘ what must I  
‘ do with the money I have  
‘ been collecting for my uncle?’  
—‘ Ho! ho! that is just the  
‘ thing,’ said the other: ‘ how  
‘ much have you got?’—‘ Two  
‘ hundred pounds,’ replied Dick.  
‘ That is very lucky,’ cried  
Tom;

Tom; ‘ for with that sum we  
‘ can buy the company, and  
‘ then we shall be as happy as  
‘ the king himself.’

The manager was accordingly  
sent for, the bargain was con-  
cluded while Dick was in a state  
of intoxication, and they parted  
about midnight.

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Let not the STAGE, that slipp’ry feat,  
Where VICE triumphant holds her court,  
Whose courtiers always act deceit,  
Tempt thee from VIRTUE’s guarded fort.

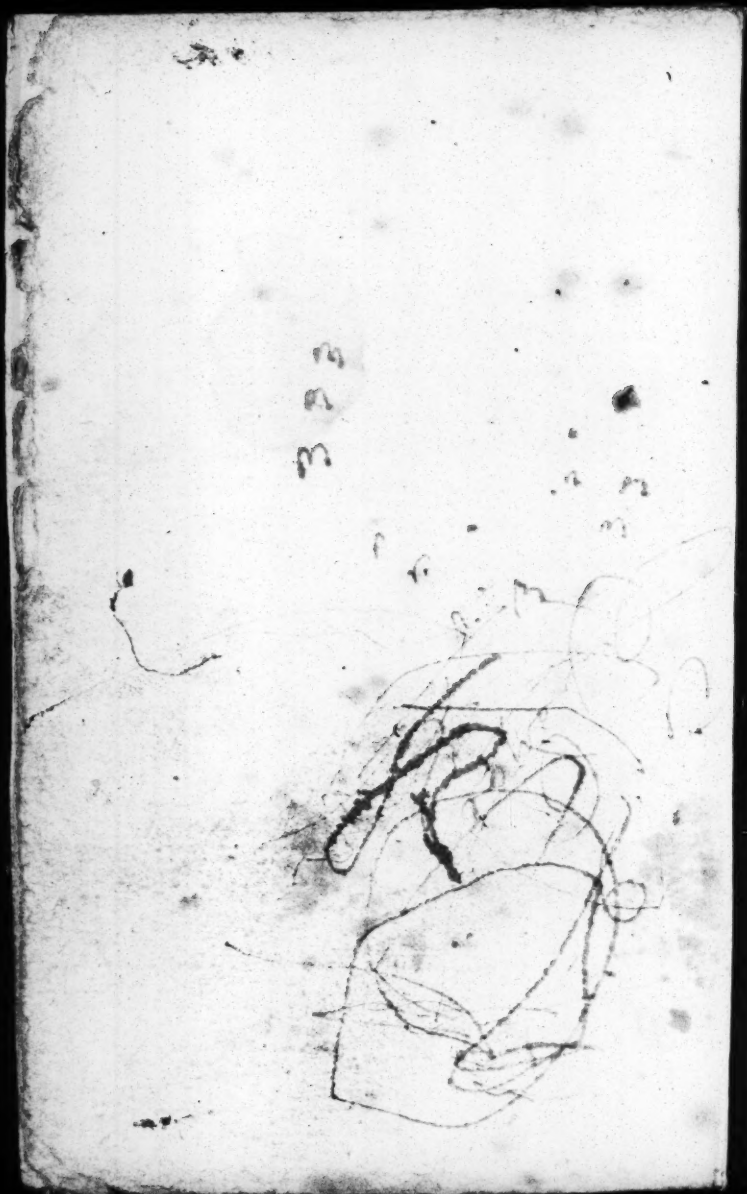
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CHAP. XI.

DICK having taken possession of his new purchase, and made Tom his acting manager, they packed up, and proceeded to another place; where they had been only a few days, when his pretended friend, Tom, agreed with a couple of sharpers, one of whom was the late manager himself, to get the company from him.

Tom knew very well that Dick was fond of gaming; and,  
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one night, the confederates let Dick win a hundred pounds. They resolved, however, the next night, to strip him of his all, by staking three hundred pounds against his company. But this design was frustrated; for the play given out that night being George Barnwell, Dick was, for the first time, to perform the character of George. He accordingly began with great spirit; but, when he came to that part where George is to rob and then murder his uncle, he felt that he was doing little more than acting his own character:  
such,

such, indeed, were the powerful convictions of his conscience, that the mask and pistol dropped from his hands, and he fainted away on the stage. He was immediately carried off, and an apology was obliged to be made; for he was unable to go through the part, which was finished by another performer.

This lucky accident to Dick, for it stopped him in the career of his vice, and gave him another opportunity to return to the paths of virtue, was, however, rumoured about so much to his disadvantage, that he was the  
next

next day apprehended and taken before a magistrate, on suspicion of having committed some foul act: but, as nothing could be proved against him, he was of course set free; and, disposing of the company, for fifty pounds, to Tom and the other sharpers, he set off to procure from his offended uncle and mother that pardon which he so little deserved.

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If e'er the soul for PLEASURE sighs,  
Oh! mind to what that Pleasure leads;  
For oft, in paths of Pleasure, rise  
The sharpest thorns, the foulest weeds.

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CHAP. XII.

**W**HEN Dick reached Bristol, he was told that his mother was very ill, and that his uncle was gone to visit her. He then proceeded to his mother's house; and, entering her bed-chamber, found her scarcely alive. With a faint voice, she called him to her, and thus addressed him—

‘ My son, where have you  
‘ been ?’ (which he told her, in  
as few words as possible.) ‘ But  
‘ why,’

‘ why,’ said she, ‘ did you not  
‘ let me know where you was!  
‘ that would have been some  
‘ little comfort to me. Oh!  
‘ my son, had you but followed  
‘ the virtuous examples of your  
‘ departed father and your in-  
‘ jured uncle, you might have  
‘ been a comfort to me in my  
‘ old age; but now you have  
‘ brought my grey hairs with  
‘ sorrow to the grave. I for-  
‘ give you, my dear boy, and I  
‘ trust God will do so too; only,  
‘ for the future, follow your  
‘ uncle’s advice, and I have no  
‘ doubt that you will repent of  
F                    ‘ your

‘ your past follies, and behave  
‘ as becomes a good christian.’

He was about to reply, but she expired: and Dick, perceiving she was dead, gave a violent scream, and instantly fainted away. He was soon recovered, and his uncle addressed him thus—

‘ Your dear mother is now  
‘ dead; and you have, in this  
‘ world, only me and your own  
‘ prudence to guide you: but  
‘ if you had kept to that path  
‘ in which you seemed settled  
‘ when I was imprudent enough,  
‘ I may say, to send you about  
‘ the

‘ the country, you would most  
‘ likely have still had a virtuous,  
‘ tender, and affectionate mother, to have directed your  
‘ ways.’

Dick promised to behave better in future; and his uncle freely forgave all that was past. But though Dick’s uncle, as well as his dying mother, had forgiven him, he was unable to forgive himself: his grief was violent, and it was followed by a dangerous fever.

When Dick recovered, he erected a marble tomb to the memory of his mother, on which

he placed the following inscription—

THIS  
MONUMENT WAS ERECTED,  
BY  
ONE OF THE WORST OF SONS,  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
ONE OF THE BEST OF MOTHERS.  
HER NAME WAS

**Elizabeth Small,**

WIFE OF  
**RICHARD SMALL,**  
LATE

AN EMINENT MERCER, AT BRISTOL.  
SHE DIED OF A BROKEN HEART,  
IN THE 49TH YEAR OF HER AGE,  
OWING TO THE DISSIPATION OF HIM  
WHO BUILDS  
THIS SAD MEMORIAL OF HER VIRTUE,  
AND HIS OWN VICE.

---

Here rests, interr'd, beneath this solemn stone,  
The virtuous, good, benevolent, and wise;  
How each poor face with Sorrow's tears, alone,  
Was wet, when grim Death claim'd her  
as his prize!

CHAP.



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C H A P. XIII.

**D**ICK for some time sincerely lamented the loss of his mother, and paid considerable attention to the wise instructions of his uncle.

By the advice of Dick's uncle, his mother had left him one thousand pounds, to be paid when he reached the age of twenty-one; and the interest of the remainder, which was two thousand pounds more, was to be paid weekly. Dick no sooner

came of age, than he had the impudence to reproach his uncle with having persuaded his mother to keep him out of the entire property, from motives of self-interest.

Immediately, therefore, on receiving the thousand pounds, he set off for London; and, enquiring at the theatres for his old favourite, Tom Madfellow, he soon found that he was in prison for a debt of ten pounds, which Dick foolishly paid, and then took Tom to a tavern, where he imparted the particulars of his quarrel with his uncle. Tom  
praised

praised Dick for what he called his spirit; and, leading him into every excess the town would afford, soon reduced his friend Dick's thousand pounds to five hundred. Tom then confessed that he was afraid to stay in England, having committed several highway robberies in the country; and advised Dick to buy some goods with the remainder of his money, and take a trip to the West Indies, where they might be disposed of to great advantage, and a fortune soon acquired. Dick swallowed this bait; and accordingly purchased  
a large

a large quantity of goods, with which in a few weeks they set sail, as passengers on board the Hazard, bound for Barbadoes.

Dick and Tom soon found that the whole ship's crew, except one man, who was the laughing-stock of all the rest, were nearly as bad as themselves; for every sentence they spoke was concluded with some dreadful oath, and every evening with drunkenness.

Tom, finding that the captain was as much addicted to drinking as the rest, prevailed on Dick to seduce most of the men  
into

into a mutiny; and, one night, when the captain was in a state of intoxication, Tom and two others threw him overboard.

All the rest of the men were soon brought to acknowledge Dick as their commander, except the good man, who even ventured to reproach them for what they had done. However, they ordered him to be confined, and threatened to kill him; but a storm soon arising, he was obliged to be released, as he only knew how to manage the ship, and most of them began  
to

to think it would be impossible to save her.

The storm had tossed them up and down several days, and the vessel was every instant expected to dash in pieces against the rocks, when Dick ordered out the long-boat. The good man, however, said they had better keep in the ship, and pray to God, than trust to the long-boat: but to this no attention was paid, for the boat was immediately put out; when all, eager to save their own lives, jumped in, except him who wished to pray to God, and he swam

swam to a rock. But Dick and Tom, with all their vile companions, after a short struggle, overset the boat, and they, not calling on God, perished in the sea.

The man who swam to the rock was the next day taken up, when he was almost exhausted, by a ship bound to Bristol, where he made known the particulars of Dick's melancholy end.

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Readers! in all your distresses call upon GOD, and he will relieve you; but, when HE has relieved

lieved *you*, you must not forget  
HIM.

---

Once, like the Sun by clouds secluded,  
You saw appear a glimmering ray;  
But soon by VICE he was deluded  
From sweet VIRTUE's paths away :  
Till, in the foaming billows tost,  
He lies for ever, ever lost !

---

O raise to GOD your infant voice,  
To Him are praise and glory due;  
He best can make your heart rejoice,  
He only keep you just and true!

---

LITTLE JOHN will publish, on the First of January next, A NEW WORK, Embellished with Nine very beautiful Copper-Plates, equal to those of LITTLE DICK, and he doubts not but that his Little Readers will approve of his New Work, as it breathes the same Sentiments in the reverse of Character.



